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Macchia

*Mirroring Images in the Digital
Domain*

Penny McCarthy

Joan's Hand



Joan's Hand (after Jules Bastien Lepage) 100 x 70 cm,
2017

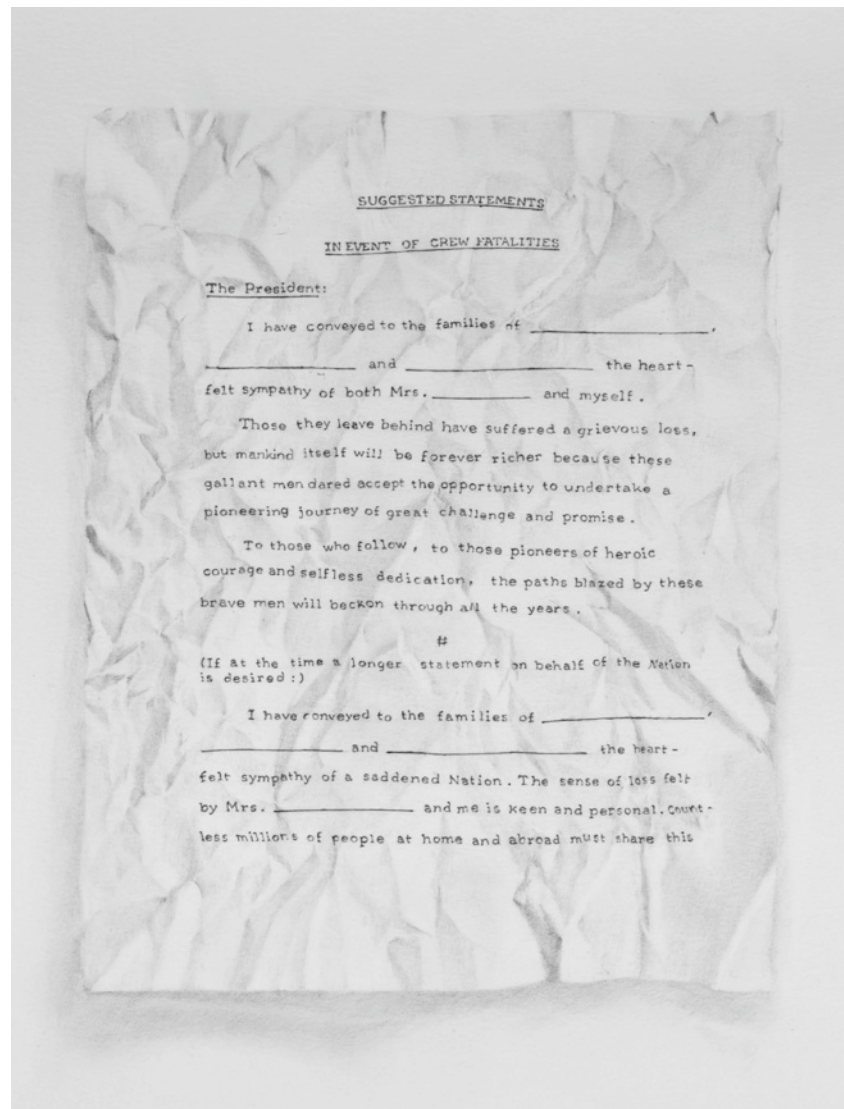




Joan of Arc, Jules Bastien Lepage , oil on canvas (1879)

The Papers

Lost in Space Scenarios



Lost in Space Scenarios, pencil on paper, 2009

SUGGESTED STATEMENTS

IN EVENT OF CREW FATALITIES

The President:

I have conveyed to the families of _____
_____ and _____ the heart-
felt sympathy of both Mrs. _____ and myself.

Those they leave behind have suffered a grievous loss,
but mankind itself will be forever richer because these
gallant men dared accept the opportunity to undertake a
pioneering journey of great challenge and promise.

To those who follow, to those pioneers of heroic
courage and selfless dedication, the paths blazed by these
brave men will beckon through all the years.

#

(If at the time a longer statement on behalf of the Nation
is desired:)

I have conveyed to the families of _____
_____ and _____ the heart-
felt sympathy of a saddened Nation. The sense of loss felt
by Mrs. _____ and me is keen and personal. Count-
less millions of people at home and abroad must share this

sense of great loss, for these men sailed forth on the seas of space on a mission of great interest and great importance to all mankind. The families of these men have suffered a grievous loss; may they find some comfort in the thought, which so many share, that man's progress has always been won, and still must be won, by brave men who are ready to move out into the unknown without the guarantee of a safe return, and who draw strength from the knowledge that by their going they help to open the way. They have followed a star, in the night of space, and we for whom they went will not forget.

The Vice President:

The deaths of these three men will stand in the annals of exploration as an everlasting example of dedication, courage and the conviction that man's intelligence will one day carry him safely to the stars.

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To : Mr. N. R. Haldeman

From: Bill Safire

July 18, 1969

IN EVENT OF MOON DISASTER:

Fate has decreed that the men who want to the moon to explore in peace will stay to the moon to rest in peace.

These brave men: Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, Junior, and Michael Collins, know that there is no hope for their recovery. But they also know that there is hope for mankind in their sacrifice.

These brave men are laying down their lives in mankind's most noble goal: the search for truth and understanding.

They will be mourned by their families and friends; they will be honored by their nation; they will be named by the people of the world; they will be mourned by a Mother Earth that hated sand and loved her sons and the unknown.

In their exploration, they stirred the people of the world to feel as one; in their sacrifice, they bind more tightly the brotherhood of man.

In ancient days, men looked at stars and saw their heroes in the constellations. In modern times, we do much the same, but our heroes are epic men of flesh and blood.

-2-

Others will follow, and surely find their way home. Man's search will not be denied. But these men were the first, and they will remain the foremost in our hearts.

For every human being who looks up at the moon in the nights to come will know that there is some corner of another world that is forever mankind.

PRIOR TO THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT:

The President should telephone each of the widows to be.

AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT, AT THE POINT WHEN NASA ENDS COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE MEN:

A clergyman should adapt the same procedure as a burial at sea, commending their souls to "the deepest of the deep," concluding with the Lord's Prayer.

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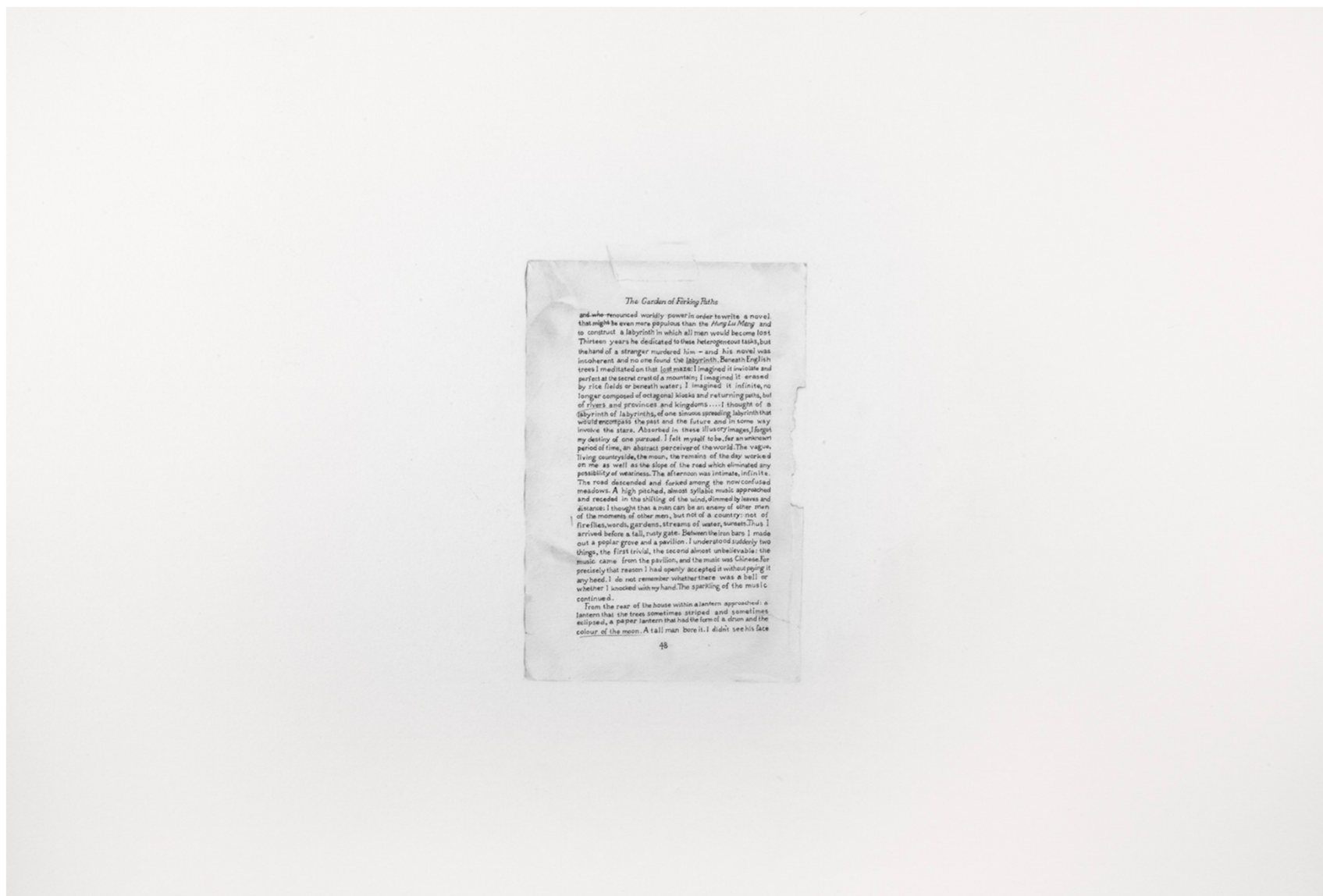
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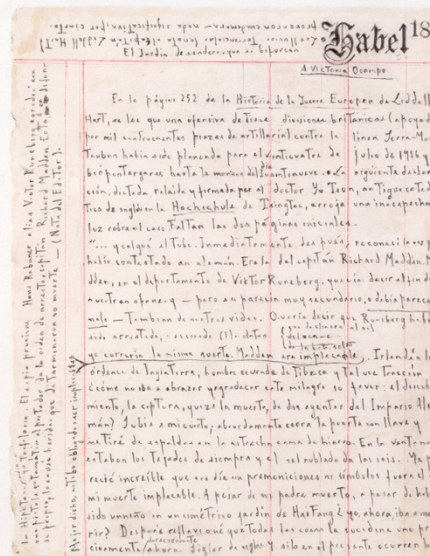
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The Vice President:

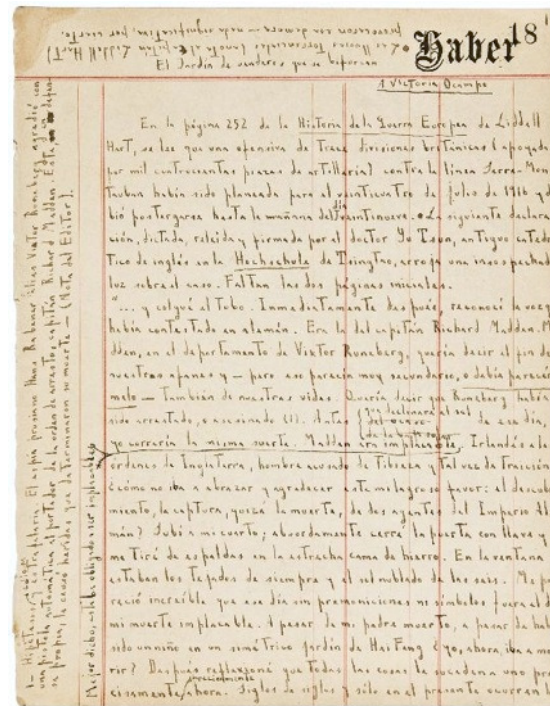
The deaths of these three men will stand in the annals of exploration as an everlasting example of dedication, courage and the conviction that man's intelligence will one day carry him safely to the stars.



The Garden of Forking Paths, pencil on paper, size-for size facsimile, 2013



Babel 18 (The Garden of Forking Paths), 2013
Drawn from image of Jorge Luis Borges notebook



Babel 18 (The Garden of Forking Paths)
Fake/Copy

Haber¹³¹²

Volví a sentir esa pulsación de que hablé. Me parece que al hombre de jardín que rodeaba los casales interiores hasta el refugio de insensibles personas. En su persona eran Albert y yo, nosotros, Albert y yo, múltiples formas en otros dimensiones de tiempo. Allí los ojos y la lengua perdidos se disipó. En el momento y negro jardín había un solo hombre pero ese hombre era fuerte como una estatua, pero ese hombre era tan puro al caminar y era el capitán Richard Madden.

- El porvenir ya existe, respondi, pero yo soy su amigo. ¿Puede ser
menor de nuevo la carta?

Albert se levanta. Alto, abraza el fin de la actuación, me dice que
en momentos lo espolea. Yo ^{había} preparado el revuelto. Disparé con auto-
vidades: Albert me lo soplea sin una quijada, inmediatamente. Yo juré que
a muerte fue instantáneamente, una fulminación.

[illegible]

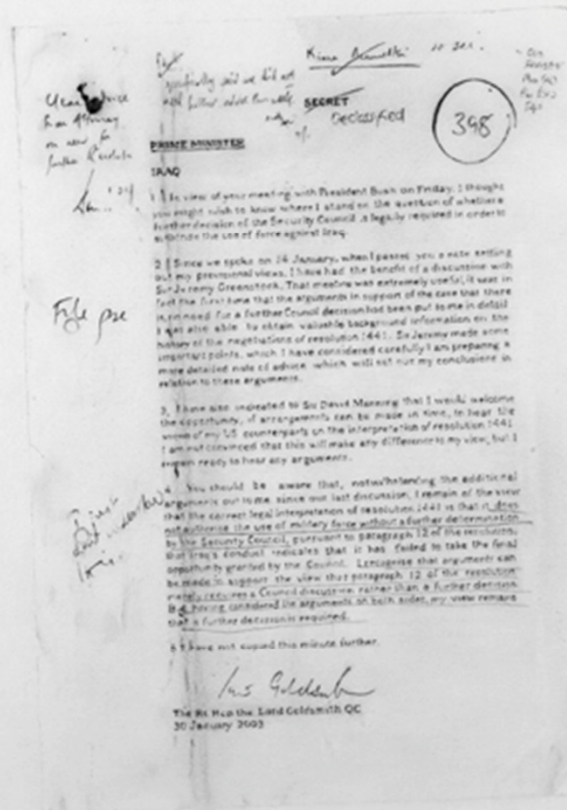
Joseph Louis Bergh

Babel 13 (paint on paper, 2013)

A man sets out to draw the world. As the years go by, he peoples a space with images of provinces, kingdoms, mountains, bays, ships, islands, fishes, rooms, instruments, stars, horses, and individuals. A short time before he dies, he discovers that the patient labyrinth of lines traces the lineaments of his own face.

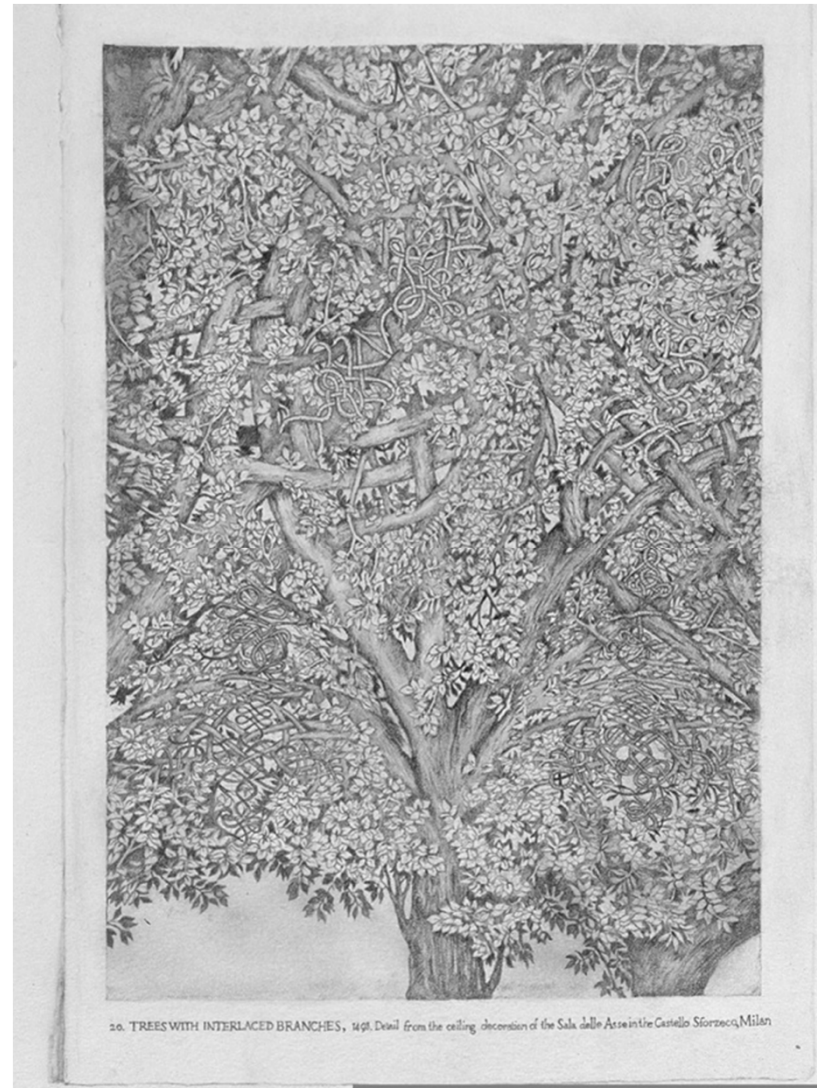
Jorge Luis Borges, Afterword in *The Aleph*, translated by Andrew Hurley, (London: Penguin, 1998) p. 183

Goldsmith Memo



Goldsmith Memo, pencil on paper, size-for size facsimile, 2010

Sala delle Asse



Art History Book, pencil on paper, size-for size facsimile, 2009





Postcard of the *Sala Delle Asse*, found in book



Sala delle Asse, Castello Sforzesco, Milan, painted by Leonardo da Vinci, c.1498



Sala delle Asse, Castello Sforzesco, under restoration, 2013





Sala delle Asse, sketch made following visit, pencil & paint on paper
(2016)

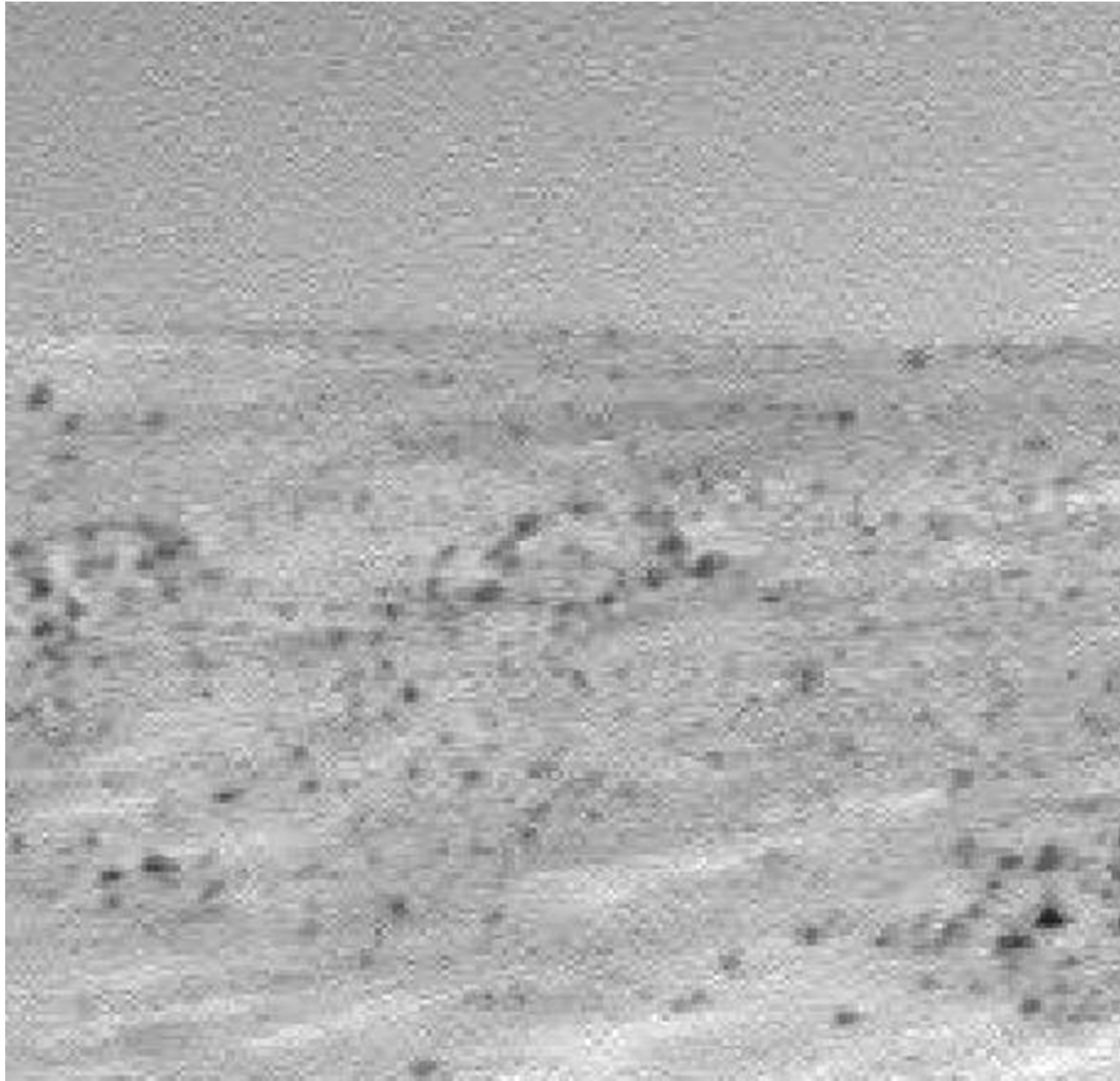
Artworks ... are special kinds of historico-material objects, and this specialness resides somehow in their own ambition to transcend their mere historicity and their mere materiality.

D.Graham Burnett, *Facing the unknown*, in Curiosity and Method: Cabinet Magazine, Cabinet Books, NY, 2012, pp238

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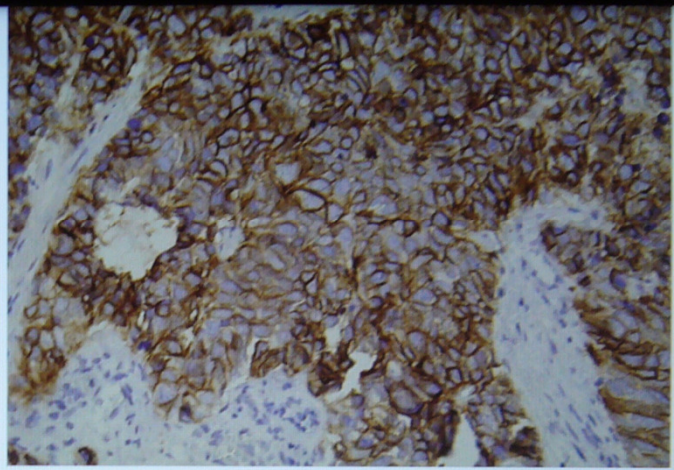
Tycho Crater, pencil on paper, 2016



Verso of J.M.W. Turner painting of the sky, medium unknown (digital image), 2016. Macchia series



Field of wheat, medium unknown (digital image), 2016





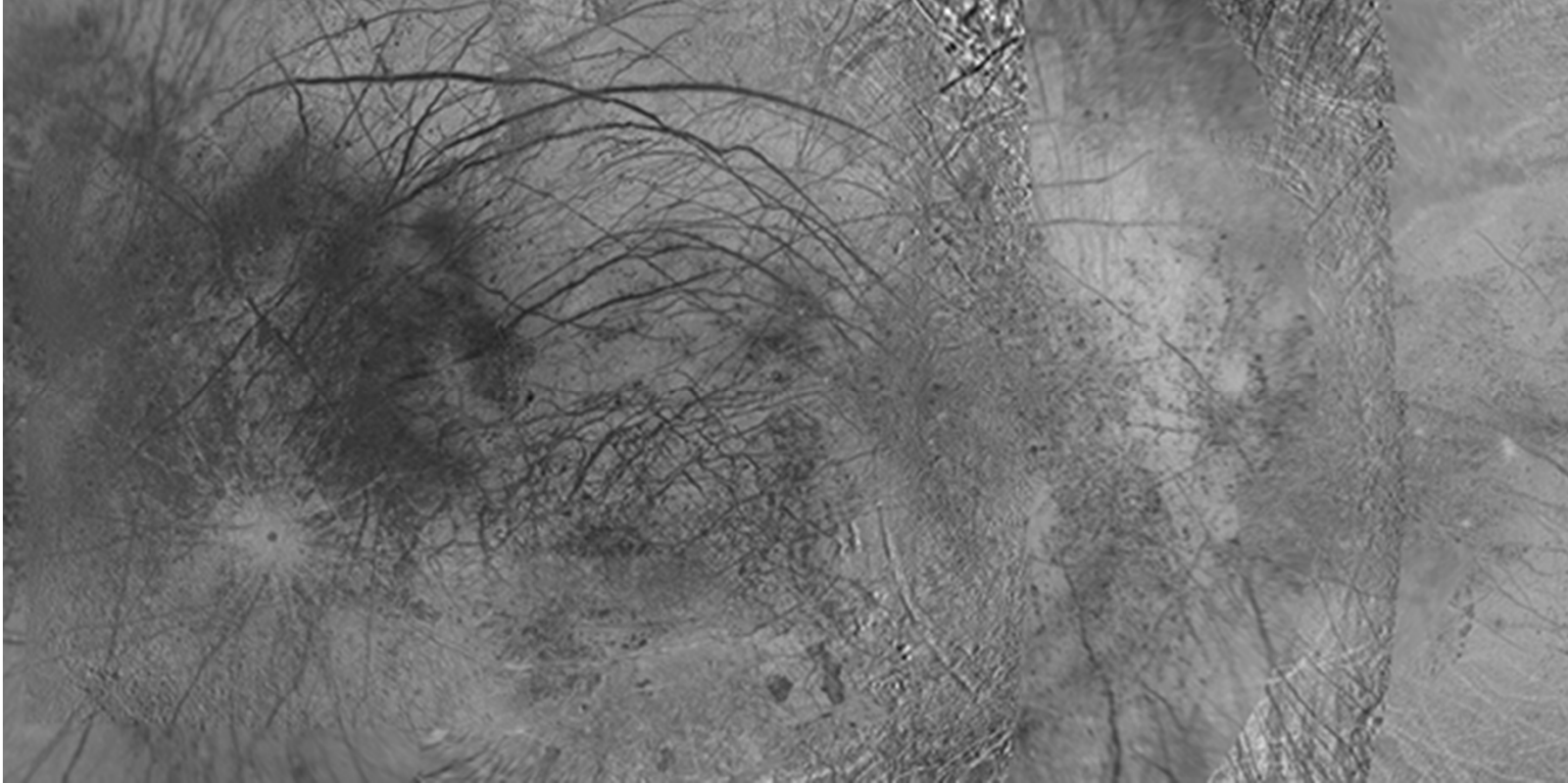
Joan's Hand, as interpreted by *Macchia app*



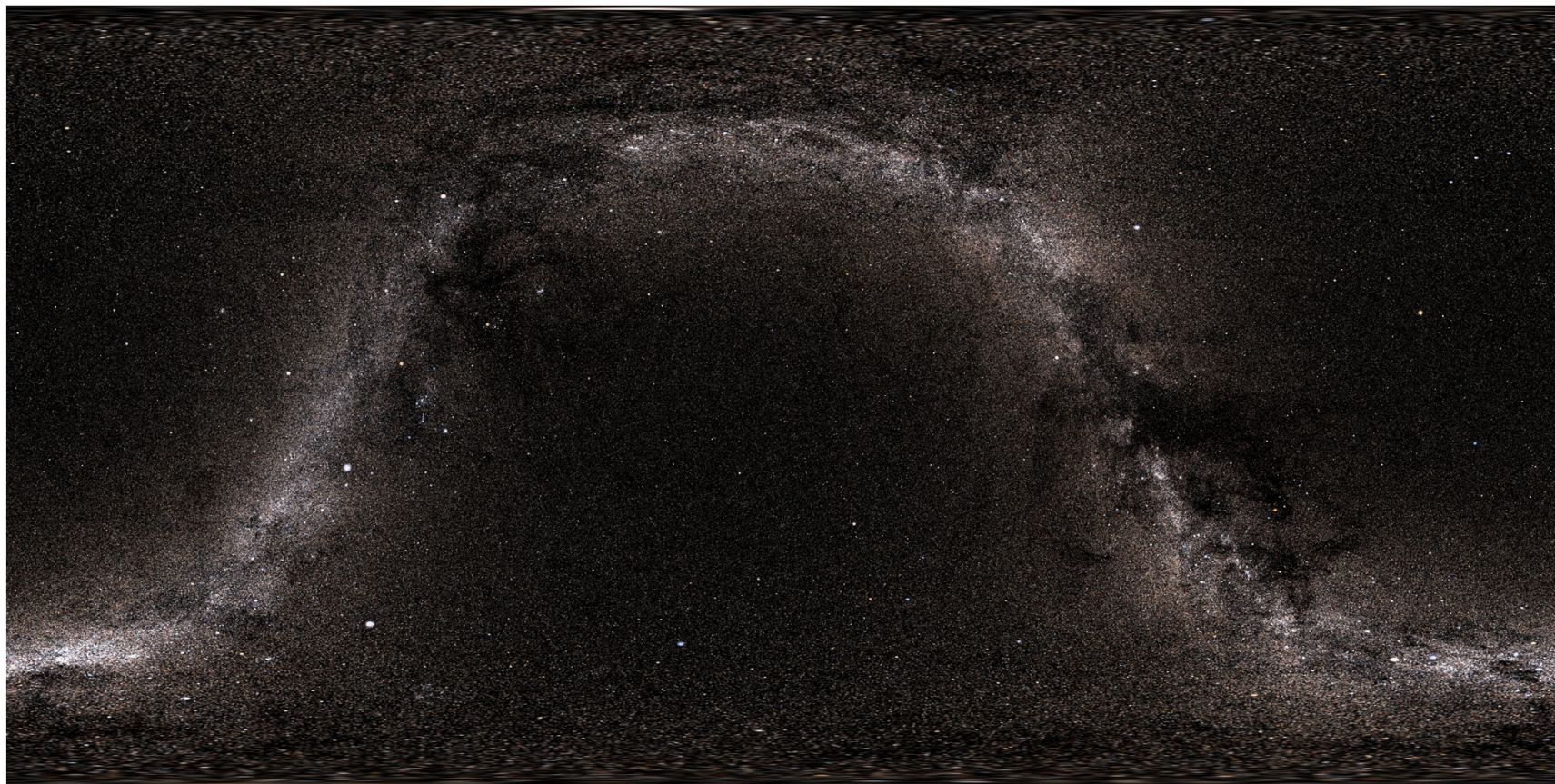
On the production of thought, work in progress, pencil on paper, 2014



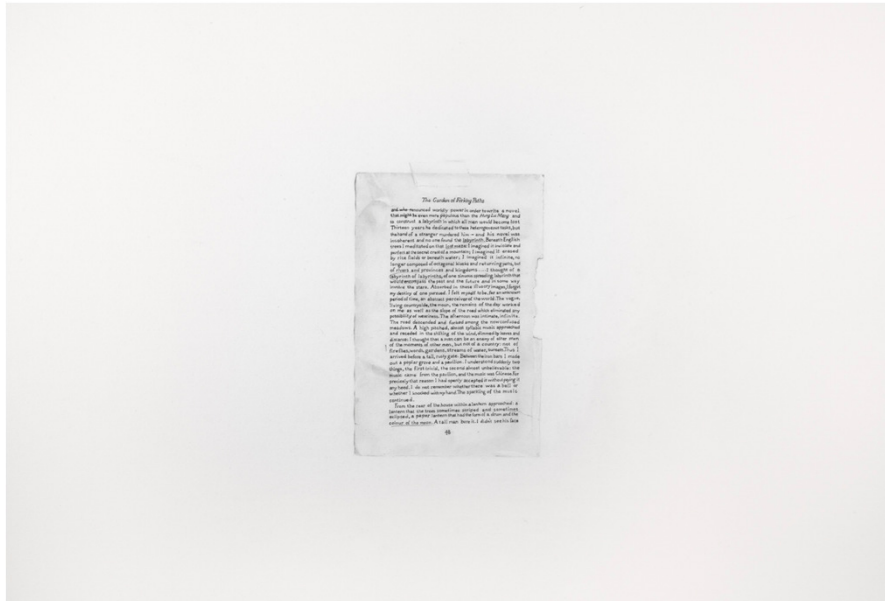
On the production of thought, pencil on paper, 100 x 70 cm, 2015



On the production of thought, as interpreted by Macchia app



On the production of thought, as interpreted by Macchia app as Tycho sky map



Left: My drawing of Borges' *The Garden of Forking Paths*



Right: Image of a skirt as interpreted by *Macchia app*



My Problem Child, pencil on paper (2014)



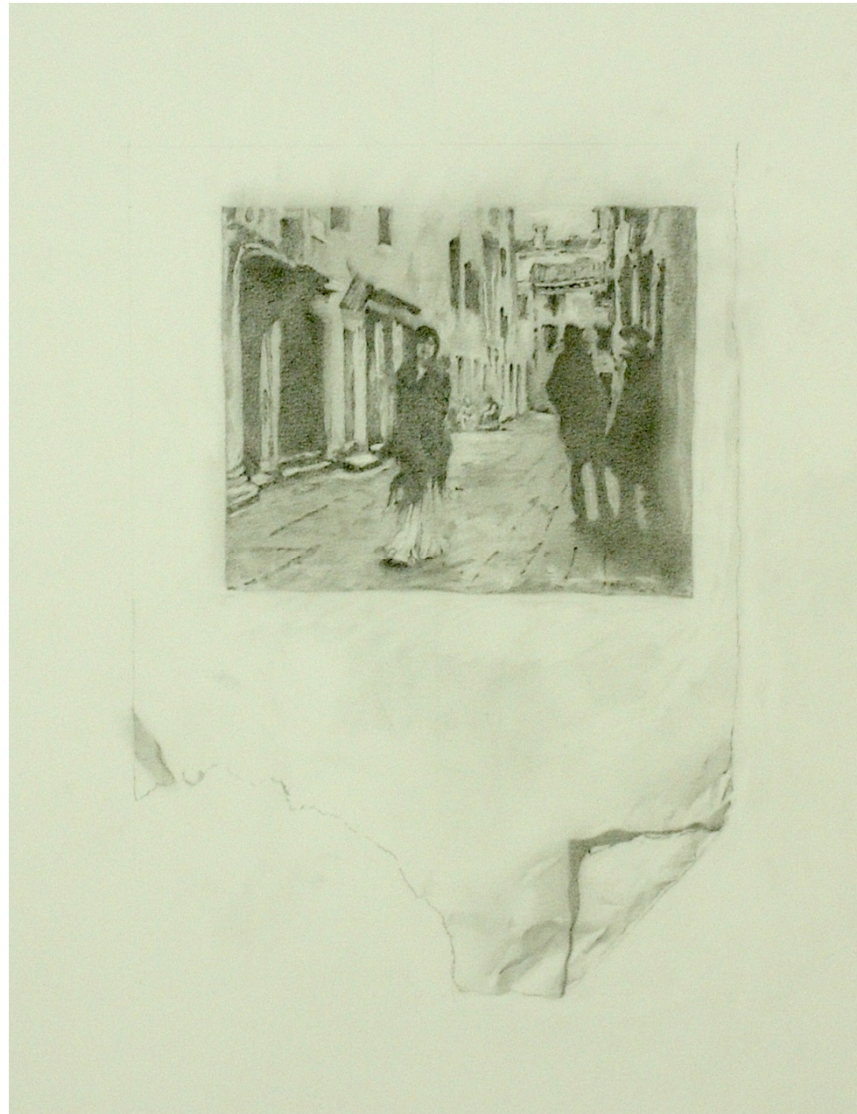
Strange Forest, My Problem Child (previous) as interpreted by
Macchia app



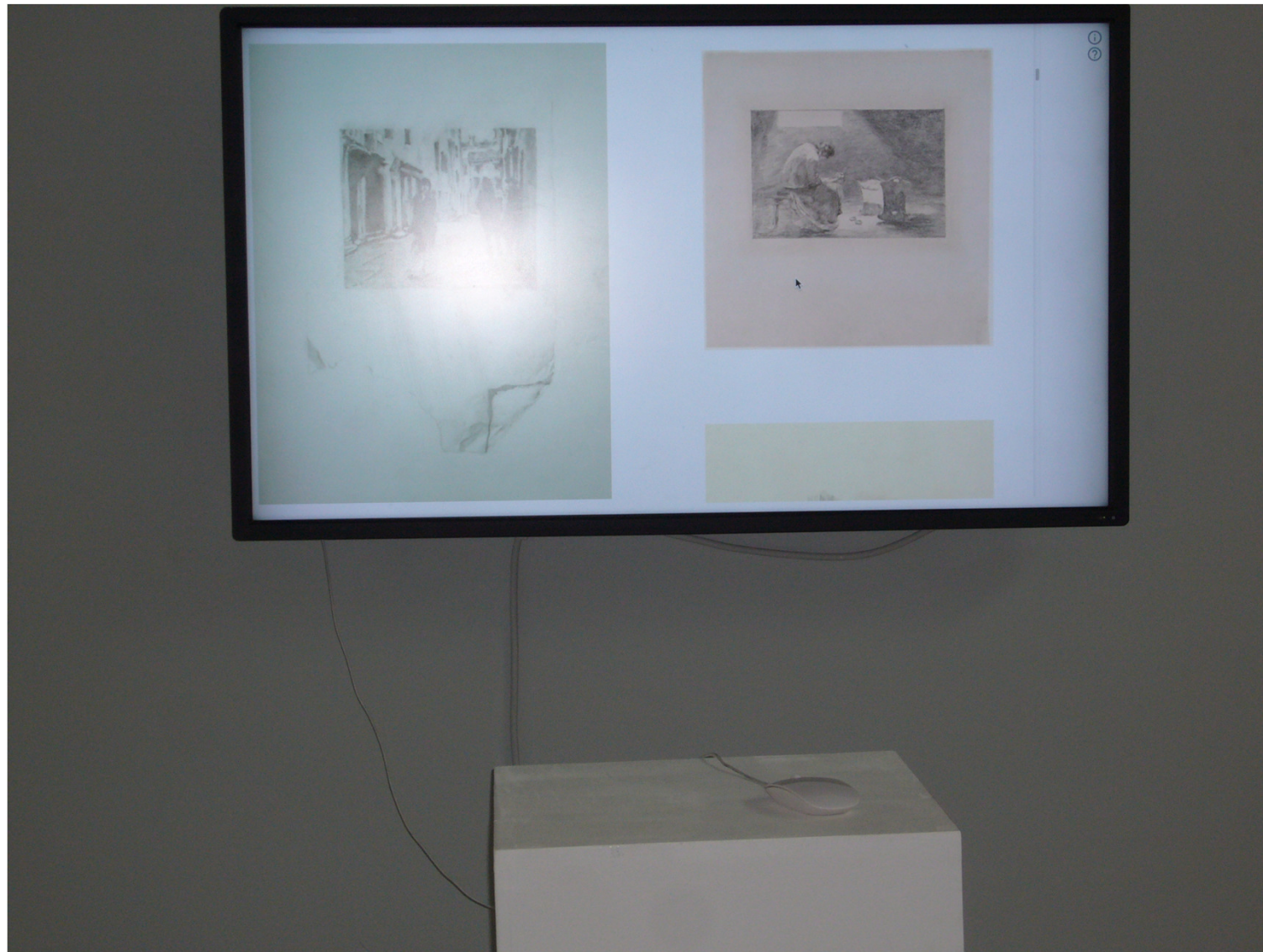
Strange Forest, as interpreted by *Macchia app*



Strange Forest, as interpreted by Macchia app



A Street in Venice (after John Singer Sargent), pencil on paper, 2004



A Street in Venice, as interpreted by Macchia app



Pearl Diver, pencil on paper, 2013



Best guess for this image: photograph



And this thinking, fed by the present, works with the 'thought fragments' it can wrest from the past and gather about itself. Like a pearl diver who descends to the bottom of the sea, not to excavate the bottom and bring it to light but to pry loose the rich and the strange, the pearls and the coral in the depths and carry them to the surface, this thinking delves into the depths of the past – not in order to resuscitate it the way it was and contribute to the renewal of extinct ages. What guides this thinking is the conviction that although the living is subject to the ruin of time, the process of decay is at the same time a process of crystallization...

W.G. Sebald *The Emigrants*, translated by Michael Hulse (London: Harvill, 1996) P.46

The End

